

Table with advertising rates: Per square of 8 lines 3 times, 1 mo., 3 mos., 6 mos., 1 yr.

Has Degrees Enough.

The following "special" from Reading, appeared in the North American last Friday:

"When you get to be 68, don't try to join a lodge—there is no telling what will happen to you.

Frederick Huyett, of Exeter, who gave this advice to-day, is the person who had six men arrested yesterday. He alleges that in pretending to initiate him into the Red Men they rode him on a rail, ducked him and did many other things to him.

"I thought the young men were sincere, he declared, and consented to give them my proposition, after they told me that I was not too old to become a member.

They told me that I would have to take three degrees the same evening I gave them my proposition. Of course, I consented, and before I knew it, they had me on a rail, and were running through the village. They returned, and taking my hat off my head, filled it with water, and then put it back on my head. The cold water ran down my back, and I almost froze. They did this three times and said that I had successfully got the first degree.

"I told them that I didn't want the other two degrees, but they told me it was too late to kick; that I had to take all of them. They then carried me to a water trough, and, seizing me by the legs, dipped me into the trough three times. The last time they held my head under water three seconds, until the bubbles began to rise to the surface, when they released me. That was the second degree.

"There was no way of getting out of it, and being a helpless old man, of course, I had to submit. They cut all of the buttons off of my trousers, cut the rim off of my hat, put the remainder of the hat back on my head and then ripped my coat open up the back. Not being satisfied, they took me up in the large hall, and marched me around about a dozen times. I was then compelled to get on my knees, when they whooped like Indians. They joined hands, and had a war dance around me. They pulled my hair hit me on the head and grabbed me by my whiskers until my face was sore. They then made me join hands with them, and took me around a ring twenty-five times, and I fell over from exhaustion after that. Then I was taken downstairs and locked in a shed, where I remained until my employer released me. Before they departed they shouted: 'You successfully passed three degrees at the meeting next week you must take three more.' I told them that three was enough, and that I had no desire to become a full-fledged member. I am done with lodges."

According to the March report of the agricultural department, the farmers of this country yet hold 128,100 bushels of wheat. If this showing be correct and we have no reason to doubt its correctness, it shows that for a while to come, at least, the agriculturalists won't starve.

"What is an anecdote, Johnny?" asked the teacher.

"A short funny tale," answered the little fellow.

"That's right," said the teacher. "Now, Johnny, you may write a sentence on the black-board containing the word."

Johnny hesitated a moment, and then wrote:

"A rabbit has four legs and one anecdote."

He who does the present duty need not concern himself about the future.

Chicago.

March 16, 1901.

DEAR EDITOR:—On receiving my old friend "The News" this week I hurriedly began to peruse its columns. On opening the paper I was for a time baffled. I was unable for the time, to realize whether I was standing on my head, or should be; but finding I was right side up, I hurriedly came to the conclusion that the editor must have been standing on his head when he printed it. Being so anxious to peruse its contents, I made haste to attempt the project of restoration in order to be equal to the occasion, but being somewhat out of practice of standing on my head, I was obliged to turn the paper; however, I managed to peruse the columns with the greatest of interest, as the News is one of the most welcome visitors that comes to see me. It is through its columns I learn of many of my old friends. I am somewhat surprised, however, that I have not had the opportunity of meeting any of them in this Burg since I came here—now over two years ago—with the exception of Mr. Joe Fisher and family, who made a trip here during the G. A. R. encampment last fall. And, by the way, I was very much disappointed not to see Uncle John G. Shafter on that occasion, as he promised me to come.

We are now beginning to get a touch of spring; and, together with the mud, political fight and Lagrippe that we have to endure, things are not so pleasant as they might be. But, as the old saying goes, "after a storm there is always a calm," and as nature will provide us, eventually, with more agreeable weather, time will silence the politician, and, as would only be natural for me to say in my line, the grippe, too. Under the skillful treatment of our army of physicians, it will soon be stamped out, then we will enjoy the luxuries too numerous to speak of.

We have had a rather mild winter, although quite a lot of snows and sleighing parties were in evidence, yet I can't say that it was as much enjoyed as some that we used to have over the old hills in Fulton. I guess it is an unexplained theory—but nevertheless it is a true one—that the place of one's boyhood will hold the tenderest place in his memory; and while distance may separate him far from it, his memory will steal away and return notwithstanding the weather.

We expect a great old parade to-morrow—St. Patrick's day—in which scores of Irish-American societies, numbering several thousands—numerous bands, ambulance companies, and regiments of guards will be a part. It is, of course, managed by the foreign nationality—Irish—and there is no doubt of its being a grand success.

Respectfully, J. J. PALMER.

Night Was Her Terror.

"I would cough nearly all night long," writes Mrs. Chas. Applegate, of Alexandria, Ind., "and could hardly get any sleep. I had consumption so bad that if I walked a block I would cough frightfully and spit blood, but when all other medicines failed, three \$1.00 bottles of Dr. King's New Discovery wholly cured me and I gained 38 pounds." It's absolutely guaranteed to cure Coughs, Colds, La Grippe, Bronchitis and all Throat and Lung Troubles. Price 50c and \$1.00. Trial bottles free at W. S. Dickson's drug store.

An exchange says: "If we were to announce that you could get this paper thirty days for the price of three bears, every descendant of Adam would know that meant fifteen cents. But if we were to say that it would be sent three months for the price of a gospel hymn book, half of them wouldn't know whether we had raised the subscription rate or were giving the paper away."

The stomach controls the situation. Those who are hearty and strong are those who can eat and digest plenty of food. Kodol Dyspepsia Cure digests what you eat and allows you to eat all the good food you want. If you suffer from indigestion, heartburn, belching or any other stomach trouble, this preparation can't help but do you good. The most sensitive stomachs can take it. Trout's drug store.

Saved by a Song.

BY LOU LAWRENCE.

"Home, home, sweet, sweet home." It was scarcely more than a baby's voice that carried the glad refrain out upon the air of a summer morning; yet John Reiker halted as suddenly as if some unseen hand had struck him powerless. He raised his bent head, and stood in listening attitude, while the same childish voice sang:

"Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home."

The singing ceased; and, after waiting vainly for a few seconds for it to be resumed, John took up again the slow, shuffling pace which had been interrupted by the song. Anxiously he scanned the surroundings of the farm house toward which he was making his way, in the hope of discovering the little singer. Soon his progress put a large hemlock out of the range of himself and the house; and there upon the porch floor, with her bare feet dangling over its vine-covered foundation, he saw a sweet-faced little girl of five years, with her doll in her lap and a large cat by her side. Her head was thrown backward, and an abundance of sunny brown hair fell over her shoulders. Again she was singing:

"She looks on that moon from our own cottage door, Through the woodbine whose fragrance shall cheer me no more."

Again John paused and muttered:

"If I go on 'till she sees me, she'll run."

He drew up against a clump of low willow trees and watched the little singer. In a short while he forgot that the child was there; for, in his mind's eye, he saw a low, crumbling, vine-wreathed cottage standing far away in a Vermont valley. There were flowers in the yard and a vegetable garden in front; and he saw a little girl, no larger than the tiny singer, who carried a doll and led a kitten by a string. Then he saw a pair of sturdy boys and a keen-eyed woman of thirty years, with firm, regular features, and a brisk, elastic step. He fell to wondering what all these people were like now, and what they were doing. It had been five years since he saw them. The elder boy, he thought, would be almost a man; and the woman would be turning gray, no doubt. And little Elsie, his blue-eyed baby girl, how large was she, he wondered.

But I will tell you his story as he told it to the childish singer's father an hour after.

"Say, Mister, don't you want to hire a hand?"

"I do, indeed, want to hire a hand; but you—you—"

"Well, what about me?"

"I don't fancy that you want to work very bad," responded the farmer.

"I don't eh? Well, you try me and see."

"Would you really work if I gave you a chance? Do you know how to do farm work?"

"Yes, I'll work, that's straight goods; and I know how to do farm work, too. I was a farmer myself until about five years ago."

"What have you been doing since you quit farming?"

"If you'll promise to give me a chance to earn money enough to carry me back to the farm I left, I'll tell you how I came to leave it, and what I've been doing since then."

"Very well; it's a bargain provided you haven't been breaking the laws during that time."

"I'm no criminal," said John Reiker, slowly and thoughtfully; but here's my story."

He made a long pause. His brow contracted, and his hand shook; but he continued:

"I'm most ashamed to tell it, but this is how it happened. I'd bought a farm and gone in debt; and somehow, couldn't manage to get out. I worked hard and made some money, but lost much of it in bad deals; yes, I guess they were bad deals; Molly said they were, and I suppose she was right. I thought so at the time, and if she'd only kept from nagging, I'd stuck to it. But you see, Mister, Molly's a manager herself; came of regular old Plymouth stock; and she hadn't much patience with me. Not that I deserved patience, though I'm sure I meant to do my best, even if I didn't quite make the landing."

"Well, you see, I got to talking back to Molly, and that made her worse; till one day she said, 'John Reiker, you're no man at all; I'm a woman, but if you'll get out of here, I'll pay off that mortgage myself!'"

"Then, stranger, I just set my teeth together, and went upstairs and packed my grip. When I came down, I said, 'Now Molly, I'm going to give you a chance to pay off the mortgage. Her face was as white as it will be when she's dead, but she just up and said, 'I'll do it.' You see, I had a sort of hope that she'd coax me to stay; but she didn't; so I bade her and the kids good by and came away."

"When I left, I brought just money enough to take me out to Illinois where I had a cousin, and I went straight there. He gave me work, but we didn't get along. He guessed that there was something wrong, and kept twisting me until I couldn't stand it; so I told him a few things and left him."

"Since then I've tramped and worked, worked and tramped. Sometimes I had a mind to steal something and get into the pen, just to have a home. I never begged; I'd have stolen first; but I've lain in barns, and under stacks, and—oh, sir, if you're ever homeless, you'll know how I felt, out yonder, when I heard your little girl singing 'Home, Sweet Home.' As I stood there and listened, I thought it all over; and I swore by the love I bear my own little girl, that if I could get work, I'd earn enough money and then go home to Molly and the kids; and that if I couldn't get the money, I'd walk it."

"It would be a long walk from Ohio to Vermont," said the farmer, in a husky voice. "I rather think you'd better get the money."

Three months later John Reiker stood at the door of his old home in Vermont. Thrice he essayed to knock, but his hand refused to do the bidding of his will. Then he heard a light step, and the door was opened from within. The delicate blue-eyed girl who had opened it shrunk back with a startled cry.

"Elsie, my baby Elsie?" cried the man, shocked to see his child shrink from him in this manner. "Papa, papa! Oh, mamma, is it Papa?"

For answer, Molly Reiker laid her head on her husband's shoulder and sobbed aloud. When she recovered her voice, she said:

"John, I haven't got the mortgage lifted. It's just where you left it."

"Then, Molly, I suppose you'll be willing to let us try it together again?" said her husband in reply.

It was two years before John was able to bring the mortgage home; but not until the day on which he did so, did he tell his wife and children how the song of the little Ohio girl had sent him home to them.

Strikes A Rich Find.

"I was troubled for several years with chronic indigestion and nervous debility," writes F. J. Green, of Lancaster, N. H. "No remedy helped me until I began using Electric Bitters, which did me more good than all the medicines I ever used. They have also kept my wife in excellent health for years. She says Electric Bitters are just splendid for female troubles that they are a grand tonic and invigorator for weak, run down women. No other medicine can take its place in our family." Try them. Only 50c. Satisfaction guaranteed at W. S. Dickson's drug store.

The average woman's life would be very monotonous without the exchange departments in the store.

Governor Stone has signed the Senate bill providing for the burial of honorably discharged soldiers, sailors or marines, who served in the United States in any war, who die in almshouses and like institutions, and to authorize county commissioners to purchase plots of ground for the burial of honorably discharged soldiers, sailors or marines who served in the United States in any war who died in indigent circumstances.

The man who first said talk is cheap evidently never had an occasion to consult a lawyer.



"Less of your Courtesy, More of your Purse." Even in these days sandbagging methods are sometimes employed in business. They don't pay however. An honest business, honestly conducted and persistently advertised will win sure in the long run. Without advertising it is doubtful Advertising is the one thing most necessary. What of your business? Are you advertising it properly? Can't we help you?

CHURCH DIRECTORY.

- Presbyterian—Rev. W. A. West, D. D., Pastor. Sabbath school, 9:15. Preaching services—each alternate Sunday morning counting from Aug. 12th, at 10:30, and every Sunday evening at 7:30. Junior Christian Endeavor at 2:00. Christian Endeavor at 6:00. Prayer meeting Wednesday evening at 7:00. Methodist Episcopal—Rev. H. M. Ash, Pastor. Sunday school at 9:30 a. m. Preaching every other Sunday morning, counting from August 12th, at 10:30 and every Sunday evening at 7:00. Epworth League at 6:00 p. m. Prayer meeting Thursday evening at 7:00. United Presbyterian—Rev. J. L. Grove, Pastor. Sunday school at 9:30 a. m. Preaching every Sunday morning at 10:30, and every other Sunday evening counting from August 19, at 7:00. The alternate Sabbath evenings are used by the Young People's Christian Union at 7:00 p. m. Prayer meeting Wednesday evening at 7:00. Evangelical Lutheran—Rev. A. G. Wolf, Pastor. Sunday school 9:15 a. m. Christian Endeavor at 6:15 p. m. Wednesday evening prayer meeting at 7:00. Preaching morning and evening every other Sunday, dating from September 9, 1900. Reformed—Rev. C. M. Smith, Pastor. Sunday school at 9:30 a. m. Christian Endeavor at 6:00 p. m. Wednesday evening prayer meeting at 7:00.

Local Institute.

The meeting was called to order at the Harrisonville school house Thursday evening, March 7th, by the president, M. H. Hollenshead.

The subjects, How Do You Teach Grammar? How to Make Geography and History Interesting, and "To What Extent Should Parents be Interested in School Work?" were thoroughly discussed.

The teachers present were Margaret Daniels, Alice Gordon, L. V. Hollenshead, L. L. Truax, D. R. Strait, G. A. Harris, M. H. Hollenshead, B. N. Palmer and James Deshong.

There were a number of recitations and dialogues well rendered by the pupils and the teacher.

Vocal music that was much appreciated, was furnished by Catharine and Winifred Metzler, Lydia Mann, and Alice Gordon.

BERT HANN, Secretary.

Had the Wrong Flop.

An Elkins visitor said his father was a preacher and a thoroughly pious man. He would often upbraid the family and relatives for lack of faith. He told them that with enough faith they could fly. A good sister of the good man constructed a pair of wings, and after attaching them to her shoulders, jumped from a second-story window to take an aerial voyage. The result was a twenty-foot fall to the ground, and both arms were broken. The preacher rushed to her assistance and tenderly picked her up, remarking: "Susan, you have the right faith but the wrong flop."

J. K. Johnston's. This Store will Offer Many Bargains During March. The mild weather of the past few days reminds us that we have entered upon the first spring month, and but little time will elapse before the warm days of Summer will be upon us. Much of our winter stock that remains unsold, must, when spring comes, be packed away, or sold at a very low price. For want of room, we prefer that you shall take them away. Quick sales and small profits is our motto. Shoes Odds and ends from our heavy shoe sales this winter at prices that will surprise you Shoes Felts, Arctics, Rubbers at lowest prices. Blankets, Wool Underwear, Mittens and Wool Gloves at a great reduction. A large lot of splendid Suits for men and boys, very reasonable and at great bargains.

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SGROFULA AND ITS AWFUL HORRORS. CURED BY JOHNSTON'S Sarsaparilla. QUART BOTTLES. A MOST WONDERFUL CURE. A Grand Old Lady Gives Her Experience. Mrs. Thankful Drilling lives in the beautiful village of Brighton, Livingston Co., Mich. This venerable and highly respected lady was born in the year 1812, the year of the great war, in Hebron, Washington Co., New York. She came to Michigan in 1840, the year of "Tippecanoe and Tyler too." All her faculties are excellently preserved, and possessing a very retentive memory, her mind is full of interesting reminiscences of her early life, of the early days of the State of Michigan and the interesting and remarkable people she has met, and the stirring events of which she was a witness. But nothing in her varied and manifold recollections are more marvelous and worthy of attention than are her experiences in the use of JOHNSTON'S SARSAPARILLA. Mrs. Hurd inherited a tendency and predisposition to scrofula, that terribly destructive blood taint which has cursed and is cursing the lives of thousands and marking thousands more as victims of the death angel. Transmitted from generation to generation, it is found in nearly every family in one form or another. It may make its appearance in dreadful running sores, in unsightly swellings in the neck or groin, or in eruptions of varied forms. Attacking the mucous membrane, it may be known as catarrh in the head, or developing in the lungs it may be, and often is, the prime cause of consumption. Speaking of her case, Mrs. Hurd says: "I was troubled for many years with a bad skin disease. My arms and limbs would break out in a mass of sores, discharging yellow matter. My neck began to swell and became very unsightly in appearance. My body was covered with scrofulous eruptions. My eyes were also greatly inflamed and weakened, and they pained me very much. My blood was in a very bad condition and my head ached severely at frequent intervals, and I had no appetite. I had sores also in my ears. I was in a miserable condition, I had tried every remedy that had been recommended, and doctor after doctor had failed. One of the best physicians in the state told me I must die of scrofulous consumption, as internal abscesses were beginning to form. I at length was told of Dr. Johnston, of Detroit, and his famous Sarsaparilla. I tried a bottle, more as an experiment than anything else, as I had no faith in it, and greatly to my agreeable surprise, I began to grow better. You can be sure I kept on taking it. I took a great many bottles. But I steadily improved until I became entirely well. All the sores healed up, all the bad symptoms disappeared. I gained perfect health, and I have never been troubled with scrofula since. Of course an old lady of 83 years is not a young woman, but I have had remarkably good health since then, and I firmly believe that JOHNSTON'S SARSAPARILLA is the greatest blood purifier and the best medicine in the wide world, both for scrofula and as a spring medicine." This remarkably interesting old lady did not look to be more than sixty, and she repeated several times, "I believe my life was saved by JOHNSTON'S SARSAPARILLA." MICHIGAN DRUG COMPANY, DETROIT, MICH. For Sale at Trout's Drug Store.